

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



THE OLD HOME ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER II.—THE TWO SQUIRES.

THAT part of the Connecticut Valley commanded by the picturesque range of the Holyoke Mountains, would scarcely be recognised to-day by the generation who dwelt there when Sydney Archdale and Constance Delamere held their stolen tryst on the wooded slope above it. It is now a summer

resort of New England's rank and fashion—a scene sought out and lingered in by tourists from every part of Europe and America, to which excursion trains bring their thousands from all the northern towns of the Union, and prosperous or ambitious families send their children for education to its numerous seminaries, which are celebrated even in Massachusetts, the land of schools. The place had a different aspect and repute at the time of our story; it was not the primeval wild, for those fertile lands

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lying between the winding river and the towering hills had been among the earliest of the inland settlements made by emigrants from England.

The dwellings and the industry of civilised man had been there for more than a hundred years. Well-tilled farms, fruitful orchards, and comfortable homesteads covered the valley, and here and there indented the woods that clothed the sides of the mountains; herds and flocks grazed in the broad green meadows through which the Connecticut wandered; but everything was yet rural and rustic. The now large and beautiful town of Northampton, with its princely hotels, fashionable promenades, and far-stretching outskirts of villas and gardens, was then little better than a country hamlet. Its elder sister, on the opposite side of the River Hadley, was a small, old-fashioned township, containing the same quaint but substantial houses, in one of which two signatories of Charles I's death-warrant remained hidden for many a year from the vengeance of his son, and the same plain Presbyterian meeting-house in which Cotton Mather's contemporaries prayed and preached against the witches of Salem.

They presented a goodly prospect, nevertheless—valley and village, winding river and wooded mountains—for the fair landscape, like the fair face, can please without ornament. The inhabitants were thrifty and well-to-do, though in the whole district there were but two properties that could be called large, the one locally known as the Plantation, the other as the Elms. The former was situated on the level lands west of Northampton, and took its name from a grove of the sugar maple, which a former proprietor had planted there, intending to manufacture sugar and rum on a large scale. But the trees proved the only flourishing part of the business, and his successors had given it up long ago. The latter occupied a peninsula formed by the windings of the Connecticut, which enclosed it on the west, north, and south, while on the east it was bounded by one of the wooded steeps of the Holyoke range, forming at once a majestic background and a shelter from the east wind, as unfriendly to health and vegetation in New England as it is in the old country. The place took its designation from two giant elms which overshadowed the proprietor's house, and were said to be the only survivors of an ancient forest that had filled the valley ages before it was trodden by white man's foot. Moreover, the public road to Hadley, Northampton, and townships still farther west, led through that property; and for crossing the river, the traveller had his choice of ford or ferry, for bridge there was none. They were both fair and fertile estates, though the Elms got most commendation from passing people, on account of its beautiful situation, and pleasant, sheltered look. They came so near to each other at one point that only the Connecticut divided them, and there it had a convenient ford, yet diverged so far that neither house was visible from the other. They were both well managed in the old thrifty and homely fashion, the larger half let out to leaseholding tenants, and the smaller farmed by the proprietor himself. The two houses were as much alike as the lands; built when Charles II was king, they were now reckoned among the old mansions of the colony, but differed from the surrounding farm-houses only in having larger dimensions and better-kept grounds. There were the same high-pointed gables and steeply sloping roof, broad eaves, narrow windows, and wide porch;

but while the farm-houses had in general but one storey and an attic, they rose to the height of two; while the former had only two gables, they had four, with corresponding chimneys. In front of each mansion was a smooth level lawn, and in the rear a large old-fashioned garden, the whole enclosed by thick but trimly-kept hedgerows, interspersed with fine trees that had been brought as seedlings from old England.

The first proprietors of those mansions and estates arrived in Massachusetts soon after Cromwell's "crowning mercy," the utter defeat of the royal cause in the battle of Worcester. They had been knights and landowners in their native Bedfordshire, of good descent, which, moreover, represented that of the English nation, for the one, Sir Ralph Archdale, traced his pedigree from a Saxon stock, and the other, Sir Gervase Delamere, claimed a Norman ancestry. They were both zealous Presbyterians, however, and did knights' service in the Parliamentary army, but, like most of their sect, maintained the divine institution of hereditary monarchy (it was one of the points in dispute between Presbyterian and Independent at the time); and being, in common with many honest men who had fought and conquered for the rights of Parliament and people, revolted by the execution of the king, and the domination of Cromwell, they joined Charles II's Scotch expedition to restore himself. After the ruin of that ill-concerted enterprise on the field of Worcester, roundhead and cavalier, who had a hand in it, were happy to find refuge in the American colonies, from the heavy hand of the Lord Protector; and the Bedford knights found it on the banks of the Connecticut. The southern settlements in Virginia and the Carolinas, peopled as they were by emigrant cavaliers, would not have afforded peaceful resting-places to men who had charged on the king's army at Marston Moor and Naseby. The Puritan colonies on the Atlantic coast of New England, where Cromwell was prayed for as "the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof," would scarcely have been safer quarters for those who had shared in the defeat of Worcester; but the luckless partisans were self-reliant and capable men. They had contrived to bring some capital and a few retainers from England, and retiring with these westward to the then wild and but half explored valley, they purchased from the Indian tribes, who still possessed it, a tract of land whereon to settle and begin life anew.

Years after, when the land had been fairly divided, built on, and brought under cultivation, when other emigrants had come to the valley, and villages with English names grown up in it, the Lord Protector went the way of all men, and Charles II superseded the Commonwealth. These events brought great changes to England, but little or none to her American colonies, except that they sent them new governors with special objections to old charters, which nobody much minded, and a large influx of refugees belonging to the overthrown party, to increase their townships and cultivate their wastes. All this was but the news of the day to Archdale and Delamere; the old country had neither hopes nor interests for them now; their family estates had passed into the hands of strangers by sale or mortgage, to meet the necessities of the case; and the sovereign for whom they periled and lost so much had already proved himself no friend to their Presbyterian people. On the banks of the Connecticut they were free to

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worship after the manner of their fathers. They had gained for themselves new estates and comfortable homes too, for both had married in the colony. Children were growing up around them, and the only consequence of the Restoration which they experienced, was the sudden appearance of a claimant to the land they had bought from the Indians.

Grant's of land in America furnished a cheap and easy mode of rewarding the services and making up the losses of old friends; it was therefore a favourite one with the restored Charles, whose revenue never equalled his expenditure. But, like everything done for his old friends, those grants were so hastily and carelessly made, that they frequently served only to create conflicting claims, which in some cases were handed down to trouble after generations. Thus, an impoverished nobleman, who had followed the king's fortunes and been as little credit to any fortune as his Majesty himself, Viscount Lavenham, was invested by letters-patent with the sole proprietorship of the tract occupied by the ancient brothers in arms, as clearly defined by the landmarks of mountain and river as if it had been one of the primeval solitudes of Massachusetts. Hopes had been entertained that the viscount would be induced to cross the Atlantic and settle on his new estate; but the gaieties and games of Whitehall were more to his lordship's taste. He therefore contented himself with sending a surveyor to mark its boundaries, and a steward to take possession.

It was not to be imagined that the stout knights of Bedfordshire, who had fought in every battle-field from Edgehill to Worcester, would tamely give up the land they had purchased and reclaimed. Being just men themselves, they held their title to be one of the best in the colony, seeing it was bought from the original owners of the soil; but what a skilful courtier might have effected in Charles II's reign it were hard to say, if the viscount had not about the same time fallen in a duel, and his steward and surveyor been soon after banished the Puritan colony for disorderly conduct.

Lord Lavenham's heirs took no active measures to enforce his claim. Perhaps they knew it was a business beyond their abilities, for all were poor, and most of them worthless; yet it was said their descendants never gave up hopes of the grant, but got it renewed in every succeeding reign, with the help of ministerial or influential connections. Grants of the kind had been known to become available, by the dying out of a family or the necessities of a thrifless heir; but if the noble and straitened house expected any such contingency, they were destined to wait for it long.

The Bedfordshire knights lived and died in undisturbed possession of the land they won from the wilderness. Archdales and Delameres after them continued to flourish, the former on the Plantation, the latter at the Elms, their prosperity keeping pace with that of the colony, and their fair repute descending from one generation to another. They shared in all the notable transactions of Massachusetts, gave able men to their country's service by land and sea, and sent forth their branches to every province of New England, but the direct line of each remained unbroken in their first settlement, and mansion and estate had been transmitted from father to son till the time of our story.

On the same day and almost at the same hour in which Sydney Archdale and Constance Delamere

met in the silence of the woods to talk over the troubles that beset their youth and love, there sat in the second parlour of the Elms two men who might have held trysts in woodlands once; but the days were long gone by, for they were in the afternoon of life, and had left its morning dreams far behind them. They were both tall, robust, and still handsome, with a look of having seen the world about them. One would have guessed that they had done their devoirs in the battle-field, the chase, and the ball-room, and could do the like to some purpose yet, in spite of the fast-increasing grey. To know that they were colonists of English descent it was not requisite to hear their speech; the fair hair and Teuton-like face of the one, the dark locks and Romanesque features of the other, spoke of a race that owed its origin to different sources, as plainly as such contrasts do in the mother-country. Those two were the great-grandsons of Sir Ralph and Sir Gervase, the first settlers in that part of the Connecticut Valley, the present possessors of their estates, and the bearers of their Christian names, which had come down like heirlooms in their families, though in compliance with colonial custom the knightly style and title had been dropped long ago, and they were known as Squire Archdale and Squire Delamere, that English designation for a country gentleman being still retained in the democratic land.

The two squires were not more different in aspect than in character; both were men of honour and integrity, in the moral as well as the social sense, exemplary in private life, and faithful to their public duties, but there the resemblance ended. Archdale was a man of calm and considerate temper, clear judgment, and a thoughtful, inquiring habit of mind; the old and established never passed for the right with him, as they do with most men, nor could specious pretences gild over the unsound or unjust. Steadfast in principle, yet open to conviction, he was slow in coming to conclusions, but sure when once he had come; hence his verdict or opinions on any subject had a weight with his neighbours rarely accorded to those of a private man by the good people of Massachusetts, and he might have acted a leader's part in provincial politics, but for a domestic, home-loving spirit, which made him prefer the peace of his own fields and fireside to the turmoil and responsibility it involved. Delamere had a warm heart, but a narrow mind. His impulses were noble, but his prejudices were strong, and their dictates had all the force of truth to him. There was no man more capable of a generous action, and yet there were few less likely to do justice to motives or opinions that differed from his own. He was not wanting in sound sense or shrewd observation, but those who once gained his confidence, if they happened to be skilful and crafty enough, might also obtain unbounded influence over him.

Notwithstanding so great a difference in the men within, the two squires were early and intimate friends. The bond which united their emigrant forefathers had indeed become hereditary in both families. Fostered by their near neighbourhood and corresponding circumstances, that ancient friendship had come down their generations, growing warmer or cooler according to temperament and character, till in the fourth it seemed to have gathered strength from time. The heirs of the Plantation and the Elms stood by each other in school scrapes and quarrels,

studied together at college, and made the grand tour of Europe, then thought requisite to complete a gentleman's education in company. In that sore strife between England and France for the possession of the North American continent, which was really fought out and won for England by her colonists, and still talked of as the old French war, the two squires served together with equal valour and distinction in an independent regiment of Massachusetts men, and each held a captain's commission from the Crown. When the war was over they had retired from active service, laid the military title aside with the uniform, applied themselves to the management of their estates, and lived brothers in peace as they had been in arms.

Their children played and grew up together as they had done; family troubles and family festivities were shared by both households, and the domestic history of the two men had a remarkable similarity in every point but one.

Each had married for love, lost his wife by early death, and never changed his widowed state, but committed his home affairs to the care of a trusty housekeeper. Archdale had but one child—his son Sydny. Delamere had but one now—his daughter Constance; but there was a time when he had a son, Gervase, too. His marriage had been earlier in life than that of his friend, but there were seven years between the births of his boy and girl. Their mother left the one a child and the other an infant. He loved and cared for them equally, but Delamere's hopes and pride were set upon his son, most people thought, with good reason—for Gervase was handsome and clever, of an honest, fearless, and yet kindly nature, that would not see wrong done to the meanest thing without doing his best to right it; and so precocious in growth, in learning, and in sense, that he was reckoned a man at an age when others were but boys. Gervase went to college when little more than a child, took his degree with honours while senior students were sighing over the grades they had yet to obtain; and then, at his own earnest request, his father allowed him to accompany a relation of the family, who was a man of discreet years, and a merchant of high account in Boston, on a tour of Europe, which he intended to make for business purposes.

The travellers set out, and all things went well with them till they reached Versailles, then the abode of the French court under Louis xv and Madame Pompadour, and consequently the scene of lavish splendour, deep intrigue, and high play. The merchant had important affairs to transact there, and they remained for some time. The life and fashions of the place, so unlike those of New England, had the charm of novelty to young Delamere; his good sense and better principles kept him clear of its follies and vices, and his companion free from anxiety on his account. Thus when the latter was occupied with his mercantile concerns, he went about by himself, seeing what was to be seen, especially in places of public amusement.

One of these was the *Café du Monde*, a union of coffee and gaming-house not uncommon in Versailles, but on a splendid scale, and frequented by men of rank and fashion, where they met their friends, discussed the news of the day, and lost or won at the hazard tables. Among the company to be found there that season was a man of English birth, and still young, though not a stripling; he represented himself to be the son of a worthy planter in Jamaica.

His card bore the name of Courtney Percivil, but beyond this nothing was known of him, except that he had wonderful luck at the tables. Young Delamere visited the house sometimes, but always as a spectator; and, one evening, while thus engaged, his attention was attracted by Percivil's mode of playing with a young French nobleman, from whom he had already won a considerable sum. A few minutes of close observation made it plain to him that the Frenchman was grossly cheated, and with his usual honesty and courage he stepped forward and denounced the fraudulent trick in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole company. The West Indian was caught in the fact, and could not deny it; his wonderful luck was no longer a mystery, and, as it was thought beneath French honour to challenge so base a knave, the young nobleman and his friends contented themselves with making him refund his unfair winnings, after which he was by common consent ignominiously expelled the *café*.

Gervase Delamere got compliments and commendations enough to turn the head of many an older man; the young count vowed eternal friendship to him on the spot, while he vowed he had only done an honest man's duty. The affair was talked of in city and court; the Boston merchant was proud of his travelling companion; but three days after his pride was changed to grievous mourning. The inn at which they lodged, though a most respectable one, was situated in the oldest part of Versailles, and had been a small priory, which was suppressed for Jansenism in the persecuting reign of Louis xiv, and the prior's garden still remained in its rear enclosed by high walls, above which the backs and roofs of tall old houses could be faintly seen, and communicating by a narrow gate and passage with one of the crooked and ancient streets of the town. It was an overgrown, neglected place, but green and flowery in the beautiful spring of France, which had now come; and the country-bred young man, when weary of the show and bustle of the courtly city, used to retire with his book to a small arbour in its most pleasant corner. He had done so one warm evening—it was the third after his detection of Percivil—but lingered to such an unusually late hour, that the merchant went to remind him that bedtime was approaching. The good man found him still in the arbour, but the book had fallen from his hand, and he had fallen forward on a little table, stabbed to the heart by some villain who must have reached him through the tangled jessamine behind his seat.

It was the work of a determined assassin, and no robber. The few valuables poor Delamere had about him were untouched. It was done by surprise, for the rapier he wore in compliance with French custom had not been drawn. The gate communicating with the crooked street, and believed to be always locked, was found open, and there every trace of the perpetrator ended. The British ambassador, the court, the city, and the police, all exerted themselves for his discovery, but in vain. Everybody suspected the West Indian, but he was nowhere to be found; and when inquiry and investigation alike failed to throw light on the dark deed, the heart-stricken merchant returned to New England with the remains of his relation's dear and hopeful son, to be laid in the grave among his kindred. The whole country lamented the young man's fate, and sympathised with the bereaved father. It was allowed on all hands that Squire Delamere bore up against his

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great sorrow as became a man and a Christian; but the stroke was heavy, and his mind never recovered from it. Great griefs or losses that come in middle life are apt to have more lasting and strange effects than those that fall upon either youth or age. Of the two squires, Delamere had been the most jovial and light-hearted, for Archdale was by nature a grave and serious man; but after the fate of his son was made known to him, the luckless father was rarely seen to smile. His temper, which had been always hasty, became irritable and obstinate, and his views of moral and religious duty grew austere and antiquated as those of his Puritan ancestors.

ON THE ORIGIN OF CIVILISATION.

BY THE REV. CANON RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY, OXFORD.

I.

IT is commonly assumed at the present day that civilisation is a plant of slow and gradual growth, which developed itself by degrees in the course of ages, and which belongs consequently to a comparatively late period of the world's history. The "primeval savage" is a familiar idea; and the so-called "science" of the day is never tired of presenting before us the primitive race of man as only a little removed from the brutes, devoid of knowledge, devoid of art, devoid of language, a creature in few respects elevated above, and in many sunk below, the anthropoid apes, from whom it is held that he derived his descent by way of evolution. Occasionally, indeed, a confession is made—parenthetically and by the way—that there is no proof of this supposed priority of savagery to any form of civilisation;* and it is admitted to be questionable which of the two preceded the other. But this confession, hurriedly uttered and hastily slurred over in most cases, makes little impression on the public mind; and the belief is general that in some way or other science has proved that the first men who inhabited the earth were savages, and that there was no civilisation till a comparatively recent period.

But the question is one which is really quite an open one; it is one on which natural science is quite incompetent to pronounce a judgment, and on which historical research has not hitherto decided in either way. Natural science, of course, if it assumes the doctrine of evolution and applies that doctrine to man, must give the precedence to savagery, which is manifestly more congenial than civilisation to the anthropoid ape. But if the doctrine of evolution is recognised as a mere hypothesis, one out of many theories as to the mode in which things that are have been brought into the state in which they are, and a theory which lacks altogether any confirmation from fact, then science has to confess that she can give no decision on the point in question, but must leave it to the judgment of those who are familiar with historic facts.

Now, historic facts show that either of two movements is possible. Man can and does often, perhaps most usually, pass from the savage into the civilised

condition. We have numerous instances of this transition, which we can follow step by step, and put (as it were) under a metaphysical microscope. We see the Greek pass from the simple, semi-savage state described by Homer to the condition of high civilisation placed before us by Thucydides and Xenophon. We see the Romans gradually exchange the robber life of the eighth century B.C. for the splendour of the Augustan age, or the paler but purer radiance of the Court of the Antonines. In later times, we observe the Arab hordes, issuing from the desert unkempt and almost naked, with no literature but the confused jumble known as the Koran, no arts but those of forging iron and weaving a coarse cloth; and we trace their progress from this rude condition to the glories of the Baghdad caliphate and the magnificence of Granada. All over Western Europe we see the barbarous races which overran and crushed the Roman empire settling down into a less wild and savage life, adopting the arts as well as the religion of the conquered, and gradually emulating or surpassing the civilisation which at their first coming they destroyed. In our own time, and before our eyes, a civilising process is going on in Russia and in Turkey; serfdom disappears; nomadic tribes become settled; the arts, the habits, even the dress, of neighbouring nations, are in course of adoption; and the Muscovite and Turkic hordes are becoming scarce distinguishable from other Europeans.

But, while this is the more ordinary process, or at any rate the one which most catches the eye when it roves at large over the historic field, there are not wanting indications that the process is occasionally reversed. Herodotus tells us of the Geloni,* a Greek people, who, having been expelled from the cities on the northern coast of the Euxine, had retired into the interior, and there lived in wooden huts, and spoke a language "half Greek, half Scythian." By the time of Mela this people had become completely barbarous, and used the skins of those slain by them in battle as coverings for themselves and their horses.† A gradual degradation of the Greco-Bactrian people is apparent in the series of their coins, which is extant, and which has been carefully edited by the late Professor H. H. Wilson‡ and by Major Cunningham.§ We trace a certain degeneration in the Jews of the post-Babylonian period, if we compare them with their compatriots from the accession of David to the captivity of Zedekiah. The modern Copts are very degraded descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the Roumans of Wallachia have fallen away very considerably from the level of the Dacian colonists of Trajan. In America, both North and South, the modern descendants of the Spanish conquerors are poor representatives of the Castilian gentlemen who, under Cortez and Pizarro, made themselves masters of the Mexican and Peruvian kingdoms, and introduced into the new world the time-honoured civilisation of the old.

Civilisation, as is evident from these and various other instances, is liable to decay, to wane, to deteriorate, to proceed from bad to worse, and in course of time to sink to so low a level that the question

* Such a confession was recently made by Mr. Pengelly at the meeting of the British Association (Bristol, Aug., 1875), but I saw no notice taken of it in the newspapers. Sir Charles Lyell admitted in, I think, his latest work, that "we have no distinct geological evidence that the appearance of what are called the inferior races of mankind has always preceded in chronological order that of the higher races."—Antiquity of Man, p. 90.

• Herod. iv. 108.
† Pomp. Mel. ii. 1. "Geloni hostium cutibus equos seque velant, illos reliqui corporis, se capitum." Compare Solinus, *Polyhist.* i. 20, and Amm. Marc. xxxi. 2.

‡ See his *Ariana Antiqua*. Plates.

§ Num. Chron. New Series, vols. viii. and ix.

occurs, Is it civilisation any longer? But still, perhaps, a doubt may be entertained whether the relapse can be complete—whether, that is to say, any people which has once participated in a high civilisation can ever under any circumstances be reduced to absolute savagery. In most of the cases that have been quoted, while a certain deterioration has taken place, the end has not been actual savagery or barbarism, but rather a low and degraded form of civilisation, retaining traces of something higher, and considerably raised above the condition of the absolute savage. Are there any cases, it may be asked, where the degradation has proceeded beyond this, where a civilised race has lapsed into complete and absolute barbarism?

Now, it is exceedingly difficult—it is almost, if not quite, impossible—to trace such cases. So long as contact with civilisation remains, the degeneration will not be extreme. Savagery can only be reached where there is complete separation from civilised mankind, and at the same time such a condition of the physical circumstances as demands the concentration of all mental power on efforts to support life. But in such cases there is, of course, no record. The race, tribe, nation, has passed beyond the ken of its civilised neighbours, and has no time to spare for recording its own history. It loses all knowledge of the past, all power of noting events; and if, in after-times, it is so bold as to venture an account of its "Origines," the narrative is evolved from the inner consciousness—is pure fancy, and has no claim to be regarded as even built on any historical foundation. Complete and continuous historical evidence, therefore, of such a degeneration as we are now speaking of is not to be looked for; and we must be content to accept as sufficient proof of what is so difficult to be proved evidence of a lower kind. Now, Comparative Philology does present to us cases where there is reason to presume an original participation in a high civilisation, though the present condition of the race is almost the lowest conceivable.

An instance of this kind is furnished by the very curious race still existing in Ceylon, and known as the "Weddas." The best comparative philologists pronounce the language of the Weddas to be a debased descendant of the most elaborate and earliest known form of Aryan speech—the Sanskrit; and the Weddas are on this ground believed to be degenerate descendants of the Sanskritic Aryans who conquered India. If this be indeed so, it is difficult to conceive of a degeneration which could be more complete. The Sanskritic Aryans must, by their language and literature, have been, at the time of their conquest, in a fairly advanced stage of civilisation. The Weddas are savages of a type than which it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more debased. Their language is limited to some few hundred vocables; they cannot count beyond two or three; they have, of course, no idea of letters; they have domesticated no animal but the dog; they have no arts beyond the power of making bows and arrows, and constructing huts of a very rude kind; they are said to have no idea of God, and scarcely any memory. They with difficulty obtain a subsistence by means of the bow, and are continually dwindling, and threaten to become extinct. In height they rarely exceed five feet, and are thus degenerate both physically and intellectually.

Thus, on the whole, there would seem to be grounds for believing, broadly, that savagery and

civilisation, the two opposite poles of our social condition, are states between which men oscillate freely, passing from either to the other with almost equal ease, according to the external circumstances wherewith they are surrounded. If the circumstances become ameliorated, if life becomes less of a struggle, if leisure be obtained, civilisation (as a general rule) grows up; if these conditions are reversed, if the struggle for existence tends to occupy the whole attention of each man, civilisation disappears, the community becomes barbarised, and the savage condition is reached.

What, then, does history say as to the priority of the one state or the other? History no doubt shows abundant instances of improvement, of an advance from a comparatively low condition to a higher one, of civilisation developing itself out of a savage or a semi-savage state, and gradually progressing, until it arrives at a sort of *quasi*-perfection. But what does the earliest history say as to the earliest condition of mankind? Does it accord with the bulk of those who write the accounts, now so common, of "prehistoric man"? Does it make the "primeval man" a savage, or something very remote from a savage? To us it seems that, so far as the voice of history speaks at all, it is in favour of a primitive race of men, not indeed equipped with all the arts and appliances of our modern civilisation, but substantially civilised, possessing language, thought, intelligence, conscious of a Divine Being, quick to form the conception of tools, and to frame them as it needed them, early developing many of the useful and elegant arts, and only sinking by degrees, and under peculiar circumstances, into the savage condition.

In proof of this we shall allege, first and foremost, that sacred record which is, even humanly speaking, one of the most venerable fragments of antiquity that has come down to us—the opening section of Genesis, chap. i. to v. In this we find our first parents represented much as Milton has drawn them:—

" Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with naked honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all;
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed;
Whence true authority in men."

No savages are this simple pair, but clever, intelligent, quick to invent, able to sew themselves coats on the first perception of the need of them (Gen. iii. 7), able during their innocence to enjoy high converse with God and with each other, able to suggest to their children the two chief modes of life by which subsistence is readily procured in simple times, the pastoral and the agricultural. No gradual working onward, with toil and pain, from the life of the hunter to that of the shepherd, and from the life of the shepherd to that of the cultivator, is set before us—the two sons first born to the first man are respectively "a tiller of the ground" and "a keeper of sheep" (Gen. iv. 2). Again, the primeval race does not find a shelter in hollow trees or in caverns, neither does it burrow under ground, like some tribes of Africans. The eldest son of the first man "builded a city" (Gen. iv. 17)—not, of course, a Nineveh or a Babylon, but still ("?) a city—a collec-

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tion of habitations, permanent and fixed, fitted together by human skill, a sufficient protection against extremes of heat and cold, or against storms and rainy weather. Later, not earlier than this, the tent is invented (Gen. iv. 20), and then, while the first man is still alive, instrumental music comes into being; the harp and flute are framed by skilful hands (Gen. iv. 21), and the pastoral life is enlivened by the charms of melody. Copper and iron are smelted at the same period (Gen. iv. 22), and a race of artificers in metal grows up, which produces tools and weapons of war, perhaps also works of artistic beauty.

Such is the account given in one of the earliest historical records that has come down to us—a record whose historical value is not diminished by the fact that, according to the general belief of the Jewish and Christian worlds, it is inspired. We proceed to consider whether this record is in accordance, or not, with such other historical evidence as exists upon the point in question.

Now, it will scarcely be denied that the mythical traditions of almost all nations place at the beginning of human history a time of happiness and perfection, a "golden age," which has no features of savagery or barbarism, but many of civilisation and refinement. In the Zendavesta, Yima-khshaeta (Jemshid), the first Aryan king, after reigning for a time in the original *Aryanem vaejo*, removes with his subjects to a secluded spot, where both he and they enjoy uninterrupted happiness. In this place "was neither overbearing, nor mean-spiritedness, neither stupidity nor violence, neither poverty nor deceit, neither puniness nor deformity, neither huge teeth, nor bodies beyond the usual measure."* The inhabitants suffered no defilement from the evil spirit. They dwelt amid odoriferous trees and golden pillars; their cattle were the largest, best, and most beautiful on the earth; they were themselves a tall and beautiful race; their food was ambrosial, and never failed them.† The Chinese speak‡ of a "first heaven," an age of innocence, when "the whole creation enjoyed a state of happiness; when everything was beautiful, everything was good; all beings were perfect in their kind." Mexican tradition tells of the "golden age of Tezeuco;"§ and Peruvian history commences with two "Children of the Sun," who establish a civilised community on the borders of Lake Titicaca.|| The elegant imagination of the Greeks described the first age as follows:—

"The immortal gods, that tread the courts of heaven,
First made a golden race of mortal men.
Like gods they lived, with happy careless souls,
From toil and pain exempt; nor on them crept
Wretched old age, but all their life was passed
In feasting, and their limbs no changes knew :
Nought evil came them nigh ; and, when they died,
'Twas but as if they were o'ercome by sleep.
All good things were their portion : the fat soil
Bare them its fruit spontaneous, fruit ungrudged
And plentiful ; they at their own sweet will
Pursued in peace the tasks that seemed them good,
Laden with blessings, rich in flocks, and dear
To the great gods."||

Such is the voice which reaches us on all sides from that dim and twilight land, where the mythical and historical seem to meet and blend together inseparably. Can we go at all beyond this? Can we say that history proper tells us anything upon the subject, or leans at all to one side of the question rather than the other?

It is plain that there are very few nations which even profess to have a history that goes back to the beginning of all things. Of the few which make such a profession, some, like the Chinese and the Hindoos, appear upon inquiry to do so without any valid ground, their real histories commencing not very long before the Christian era. Others may perhaps have more reason for the claims which they urge. Egypt and Babylonia have monuments to show which antedate probably all others upon the earth's surface. If real history is to have anything to say with regard to the problem before us, it is to Egypt and Babylonia that we must look for light upon this vexed question.

Now, in Egypt, it is notorious that there is no indication of any early period of savagery or barbarism. All the authorities agree that, however far we go back, we find in Egypt no rude or uncivilised time out of which civilisation is developed. Menes, the first king, changes the course of the Nile, makes a great reservoir, and builds the temple of Phthah at Memphis.* Athothis, or Tosorthmus, his son and successor, is the builder of the Memphite palace, and a physician, who wrote books on anatomy.† The Pyramid period falls very early in Egyptian history, but "the scenes depicted in the tombs of this epoch show that the Egyptians had already the same habits and arts as in after-times; and the hieroglyphics in the Great Pyramid prove that writing had been long in use. We see no primitive mode of life in Egypt; no barbarous customs; not even the habit, so slowly abandoned by all people, of wearing arms when not on military service, nor any archaic art . . . In the tombs of the Pyramid period are represented the same fowling and fishing scenes as occur later; the rearing of cattle, and wild animals of the desert; the scribes using the same kind of reed for writing on the papyrus an inventory of the estate, which was to be presented to the owner; the same boats, though rigged with a double mast instead of the single one of later times; the same mode of preparing for the entertainment of guests; the same introduction of music and dancing; the same trades, as glass-blowers, cabinet-makers, and others; as well as similar agricultural scenes, implements, and granaries."‡

In Babylonia there is more indication of early rudeness. The bricks of the most ancient buildings are coarsely made; the vases found in them are clumsy and irregular in shape; and implements in flint and stone are not uncommon. But on the other hand there are not wanting signs of an advanced state of certain arts, even in the very earliest times, which denote a high degree of civilisation, and contrast most curiously with the indications of rudeness here spoken of. Among the objects recovered are the cylinder-seals of two monarchs who are among the most ancient of the series; and on these seals, which are of hard stone, very difficult to engrave, we

* Vendidad, Fargard, ii. § 29.

† See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. ii. p. 341, 2nd edition.

‡ Faber, "Homa Mosaic," ch. iv. p. 147.

§ Prescott, "Conquest of Mexico," ch. vi.

|| Ibid. "Conquest of Peru," ch. i. p. 8.

Heated, "Op. et Dies," II. 109-120.

* Herod. ii. 99.

† Manetho ap. Euseb. "Chron. Can." I. 20, § 4.

‡ Sir G. Wilkinson in the author's "Herodotus," vol. ii. p. 201, second edition.

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have, in the first place, a primitive form of cuneiform writing; and secondly, elaborate representations of men wearing elegant flounced or fringed robes, and with crowns on their heads; and in one case we have a representation of an elegant chair or throne, the hind legs of which are modelled after the leg of an animal. Mechanical and artistic skill had thus, it is evident, reached a very surprising degree of excellence; the engraving of hard stones, probably with steel and emery, was practised; and writing was in constant and familiar use, at almost the very remotest period to which the Babylonian records carry us back.*

In future papers we propose to consider what is the probable date of the earliest civilisation in Egypt, and in Western Asia—the cradle of the human race; matters upon which some very crude opinions have been broached of late by very eminent persons.

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AMONG the crowned heads of Europe, who from time to time visit our shores, none are entitled to a more cordial welcome—as, indeed, none are received with a greater feeling of interest and sympathy—than the royal parents of the Princess of Wales. The recent sojourn of their Majesties of Denmark in this country has served to remind the British people of the close and tender ties which bind together the royal houses of Denmark and England, and to strengthen that mutual feeling of friendship between Danes and English, grounded on ancient kinship, a common Protestant faith, and the equal possession of full civil and religious liberty.

On that memorable 7th of March, 1863, when, with their youthful daughter as the chosen bride of the heir of England, the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark entered London amid the plaudits of enthusiastic multitudes, the Prince stood two removes from the Danish throne. Before the year closed, owing first to the death of the hereditary Prince Ferdinand, and then to the death of the reigning monarch Frederick VII., he was King of Denmark. The direct royal line of the house of Oldenburg, which began in 1448, with Christian first King of Denmark and Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, ended in the person of Frederick VII., and the present King succeeded, as is well known, in virtue of the treaty of London, signed by the great powers on the 8th of May, 1852, and of the new Danish law of succession which received the royal assent on the 31st of July, 1853.

The King of Denmark is the fourth son of Duke Frederick William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, who married the Princess Louise of Hesse Cassel, granddaughter of King Frederick V. His father died in 1831, while his mother survived until after her son's accession to the throne, and died in 1867, at Ballenstedt, near Copenhagen. Prior to the date of the settlement of the Danish succession the present King was known as Prince Christian of Glücksburg, with the standing of a

prince of that ducal house. Subsequently, and until his accession, he bore the rank and title of Crown Prince of Denmark, and was Inspector-General and Commander-in-chief of the Danish cavalry. On the 26th of May, 1842, Prince Christian was united in marriage in the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen, to his second cousin the Princess Louise, the second daughter of the Landgrave William, of Hesse Cassel, and of his wife, the Princess Charlotte, the niece of Christian VIII. This royal lady, now Queen of Denmark, is alike with her husband descended from the royal Danish stock. In the female line, the one is the great-grandson, and the other the great-granddaughter of Frederick V. of Denmark. But as the mother of Queen Louise was the daughter of the Crown Prince Frederick, the son of Frederick V.; and the mother of King Christian the daughter of the Princess Louise, the daughter of Frederick V., the Queen, by the Danish law of succession, stood nearer to the Crown than did her husband the King. She had, however, in 1852, with her elder brother and sister, to enable the treaty of London to take effect without prejudice to existing claims, renounced her rights in favour of her husband.

Frederick V. married the Princess Louisa, the youngest daughter of George II. of England; and thus King Christian IX. and his Queen are equally the great-grandchildren of a Princess of our own royal house of Hanover. It was the early ambitious desire of this English Princess to become Queen of Denmark. Her desire was granted, but it is doubtful whether her union to Frederick V. brought with it domestic happiness. The subsequent marriage of the Princess Matilda, sister of George III., to the Danish monarch Christian VII., was in every way unfortunate. The parents of Queen Louise, who lived to a good old age, resided in the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen; the Landgrave died in 1867, and the Landgravine in 1864.

After their marriage the Prince and Princess Christian resided permanently in the Danish capital, or its immediate neighbourhood. Their town residence in Copenhagen was the very modest palace, situate in the street called the Amalien Gade, near the colonnade leading into Amalienborg Square. Here the present Crown Prince of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, and the other princes and princesses of the reigning royal house were born. In the household of Prince Christian a united and happy group of sons and daughters grew up, carefully reared and trained under the direct superintendence of both parents, and thus fitted to fill the high and illustrious positions to which Providence has since called them. We may be sure that to the Princess of Wales, as to her brothers and sisters, the quiet and unpretending home of their youth in the Amalien Gade is full of the sweetest remembrances. Another residence to which, as to the scenes around, their early recollections must cling is the manor or country house of Bernstorff, a few English miles north of Copenhagen. This mansion, which stands in the midst of a park, and among rich and well-cultivated fields, near to the celebrated Deer Park, was used as the summer palace or retreat of Prince Christian and his family. It was built by the benevolent Count Bernstorff, the first Danish nobleman who set the example of raising the condition of the peasantry by freeing them from serfdom. After his death the park and residence were sold, and became State property in the time of the late King Christian VIII., who occasionally kept

* See the author's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. pp. 118-9, first edition. To the cylinder there described—that of Urukh—may be added a more recent discovery, the signet of his son and successor, which has three well-drawn figures on it, and twelve lines of cuneiform writing.



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his court there. During the reign of his son, Frederick VII, the palace and grounds were exclusively used by the Prince and Princess Christian. Here our own Princess of Wales enjoyed the pleasures of a country life, driving or riding on horseback, or wandering among the noble beech woods of the Deer Park, and in sight of the beautiful Sound, with its passing ships; and here also she cultivated the friendship, and entered, as we have been informed, into the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of the peasantry on her father's estate. The simplicity and grace of the life of the illustrious family at Bernstorff won for them kindly feelings from all around. The peasantry of the parish of Gjentofte, in which Bernstorff is situate, expressed these feelings in tangible shape, by presenting a beautiful porcelain vase as a marriage gift to the Princess Alexandra on the eve of her departure for England. The Rev. Herr Boisen, in his address on behalf of the parishioners, said that "every Danish man and woman who had freed themselves from unjust prejudices, respected Prince Christian and his lady for their exemplary family life, and the friendly condescension they had always shown to every one who had come under their notice." The prejudices referred to, no doubt, sprung out of the state of the Danish national feeling towards the Germans at that time, and to the circumstance of the German origin and relationships of Prince Christian. The Prince, in his reply, said that the Princess Alexandra, though departing for a great and powerful country, would always be attached to Denmark, and especially to the parish which had given her so many marks of sympathy.

The household of Prince Christian, alike in town and country, was conducted in the quiet style usual among families of a similar rank in Denmark and Germany. Even after the dynastic arrangements had been made which invested him with the honours of the heirship-apparent, domestic circumstances, or more probably personal tastes, induced him to keep his household on the footing of a strictly private establishment. Nothing was more simple, and yet nothing more refined than the early home of the Princesses Alexandra and Dagmar, presided over as it was by the matronly graces of their royal mother.

It may be interesting to note those occasions of early intercourse between the family of the Danish Crown Prince, and our own royal family, out of which sprang the fortunate alliance which knit them more closely together.

The constant residence of the Prince and Princess Christian in Denmark was sometimes varied by quiet trips through different parts of Germany. On one of these journeys they visited the Duchess of Cambridge at her country seat, near Frankfort. Again travelling privately in the autumn of 1861, with their daughters, Alexandra and Dagmar, they met the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princess of Prussia at Worms, and here it was that the Prince of Wales first saw the Princess Alexandra. From Worms the royal parties proceeded together to Heidelberg, where they spent three entire days in each other's society. During this intercourse an impression was produced on the mind of the Prince destined to lead to the happiest results. When Queen Victoria, in August, 1862, was on her way to spend some time in seclusion at Rheinhardtzunn, near Gotha, she rested at Brussels. Prince Christian and his family, then residing at Ostend for sea-air and bathing,

went to Brussels to pay their respects to her Majesty. It was in the palace of the King of the Belgians that our Queen first met her future daughter-in-law. Shortly afterwards, on a journey to join his royal mother, the Prince of Wales passed through Ostend, and did not fail to visit the Danish royal family. Proceeding to Brussels, the Prince became the guest of the King of the Belgians, who invited Prince Christian and his family to his capital. During this visit to Brussels, and also at Lacken, the Prince of Wales passed his time in the society of the Princess Alexandra, and on the 9th of September offered her his hand, and became her accepted lover. The engagement of their Royal Highnesses was announced on the same day, at a State dinner, by the King of the Belgians. When Queen Victoria returned to England, she invited the Danish royal family to visit her at Windsor. Prince Christian and his eldest daughter came to England in the following November. On the 25th the intended royal marriage was announced in the "Times"; and on the 29th the Princess Alexandra and her father departed for Denmark. The marriage treaty on the part of the Queen of England and the King of Denmark was signed at Copenhagen, on the 15th January, 1863.

When the Princess Alexandra, early in March, 1863, accompanied by her royal parents and her brothers and sisters, left Copenhagen to become the wife of the Prince of Wales, she was entertained when on her way by his uncle, Duke Charles of Glucksburg, at his residence, near Kiel, after which the Duke accompanied the royal party to London, by invitation of Queen Victoria, to take part in the marriage ceremony at Windsor. On the day of the marriage in St. George's Chapel, which was filled by the English nobility of first rank, the Danish royal strangers were naturally regarded with much interest. After the royal bride, all eyes, we are told, centred on the Princess Dagmar, as with stately step she slowly passed up the centre aisle; after her came the royal mother, leading in one hand the Princess Thyra, and in the other the Prince Waldemar. The Queen of Denmark, then Crown Princess, it was observed, though richly dressed, only a feather and a few flowers were mixed with the thick clusters of her auburn hair.

The year 1863 was full of important incidents in the history of the royal subjects of our notice. Shortly after their return to Copenhagen, from the excitement and interest of the memorable entry into London, and the marriage ceremonies at Windsor, a deputation from Athens arrived to offer the Crown of Greece to Prince William George, their second son, then not quite eighteen years of age. In the throne-room of the palace of Christiansborg, Frederick VII received the deputation. Around the throne stood the hereditary Prince Ferdinand, the aged grand-uncle of the young Prince; the Crown Prince, his father; and his elder brother, Prince Frederick, now Crown Prince of Denmark. The address of the Greeks announced that the National Assembly had chosen Prince William George of Denmark as King of the Hellenes, by the title of George I; and having been duly replied to by the bluff King Ferdinand, his Majesty turned to the young man who had been called so unexpectedly to a throne, bade him advance, and charged him to adhere to the Constitution of Greece, and to endeavour to gain and preserve the love of his people. Such advice was appropriate from the experienced monarch who had

himself abandoned absolute rule and given a Constitution to Denmark, and who so well realised his own motto, "The love of the people is my strength." Soon after the departure of King George from his happy Danish home to assume the cares of sovereignty, occurred other events big with importance, not only as affecting his royal parents, but as involving the fate of Denmark itself. The first of these was the death of Prince Ferdinand, the uncle of the King; and afterwards the death of Frederick VII himself, which last event occurred suddenly at his palace, at Glucksburg, near Flensburg, on the 15th November, 1863. On the following day Prince Christian was proclaimed King of Denmark from the balcony of the palace of Christiansborg by the title of Christian IX. In the temper of the times it was an anxious moment to succeed to the Danish throne. On the part of the German population of the duchies, the cry was for German unity and separation from Denmark. The death of Frederick VII opened up a new phase in the Schleswig-Holstein question. The storm which had been gathering for years at once burst forth. Countenanced and supported by the Duke of Saxe Coburg and other German princes, Prince Frederick of Augustenburg asserted his claim to Holstein, while King Christian had also to incur the active opposition of the Holstein deputies to his succession to the duchies.

A word on the relation of the duchies to Denmark will be needful to make clear the position of King Christian on his accession to the throne. The kingdom of Denmark consisted of Denmark proper, its various dependencies, and the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. The Danish kings of the Oldenburg line—who had ruled in Denmark for over four hundred years, and which line ended on the demise of Frederick VII—were also dukes of the duchies. Holstein and Lauenburg belonged to the Germanic Confederation, and the late King Frederick VII, like his predecessors, held these duchies as a member of the Germanic body, just as England formerly held Hanover. Schleswig, on the other hand, did not belong to Germany, but to Denmark; and, as Duke of Schleswig, Frederick VII held that duchy subject to himself as King of Denmark. The law of succession to the Crown of Denmark, when it became hereditary in 1660, was settled in the female line of Frederick III, the then reigning king, after the exhaustion of his male heirs. In virtue of the family arrangements already referred to, recognised by the London treaty and the Danish law, Prince Christian's title to the Crown of Denmark proper was established and secured. As respects the duchy of Schleswig, the rights of succession were variously construed; but as to Holstein, females were excluded, and the elder branch was undoubtedly represented by the Duke of Augustenburg; and after it came the Glucksburg family. Prince Christian had therefore no claim apart from the London treaty to take the place of Frederick VII as Duke of Holstein. The duchy by the ordinary course of succession fell to the Duke of Augustenburg. But as the great powers deemed it important in 1852, in the interests of Europe, to preserve the integrity of Denmark, and as the Duke had thrown himself out of reckoning by heading the unsuccessful revolt of the Germans of Holstein in 1849 against Denmark, he consented for himself and his family for a pecuniary consideration to forego his claims to Holstein. Thus the London treaty of 1852, and the law of 1853, secured to Prince

Christian the right to succeed not only to Denmark proper and its dependencies, but also to the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. The high contracting powers—England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden—agreed (so runs the treaty), "In default of male issue in the direct line of Frederick III of Denmark, to recognise in his Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and his descendants male sprung in direct line from his marriage with her Highness the Princess Louise, born Princess of Hesse, the right to succeed to all (*à la totalité*) the States actually united under the sceptre of his Majesty the King of Denmark."

But for the ferment of the times, when the treaty took effect, arising from national antipathies, and the mutual jealousy of Austria and Prussia, King Christian IX would, in all probability, have ascended the throne in peace, and ruled over an entire Denmark. As it was, neither Austria nor Prussia, struggling for the leadership in Germany, could afford to ignore the outcry for union on the part of the Germans of the Danish duchies. Prussia having determined to interfere, Austria must needs join her, and thus the Prince of Augustenburg, who had, notwithstanding the renunciation of his still living father, asserted his claim to Holstein, was soon swept aside by the combined invasion of the duchies by the forces of the two great German powers.

King Christian forced to take arms, there ensued the unequal contest gallantly maintained in 1864 by Denmark against her formidable adversaries. As the King appeared on the field of active operations in this ruinous war, he is thus described by the "Times" correspondent:—

"Christian IX is evidently bent on winning the hearts of his subjects. No one he has ever seen is allowed to escape recognition. He has a winning smile, a fair and benevolent countenance, not by any means deficient in shrewdness and intelligence. He is not much above the middle size; his figure is rather slender and truly elegant; his bearing is that of a private gentleman, and with but little of the grandeur and stateliness that the vulgar are apt to associate with the outward look of royalty. He wore the uniform of a general officer of the highest rank—a long overcoat, with shoulder-straps, and a foraging cap, the common garb of most officers in campaign. The King's features are good, fine, and regular; the face rather sharp and lean; the complexion fair and clear; the eyes, so far as I could see at a little distance, light blue; the hair chestnut; the moustache and whiskers, which are rather bushy, of a dark brown. I am told the King is about forty-six; were I to judge from appearances, I should have thought him at least ten years older."

From the same pen we have another notice of the King, as well as a glimpse of the Queen, on the occasion of the celebration of Constitution day, on the 5th of June in the same year, in the Deer Park—the favourite playground of the Copenhagener:—

"There is something to me unspeakably touching," says the writer, "in the sight of that young, modest, affectionate, royal couple, who have come to the throne at an epoch of so much trial and peril for the Danish monarchy, and who take as little of the pomp and pageantry of their new station upon themselves as if they sighed for the domestic bliss on which the cares of a tempest-tossed State have so rudely trespassed. The King preserves, in the midst

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of his newly-acquired greatness, all the easy grace, the courteous simplicity, which belong to a thoroughbred gentleman. It would be waste of breath to say of the Queen that she is 'every inch a lady.' Old enough to be a grandmother, she yet preserves all the freshness of matronly beauty—a melancholy beauty, you would say, in its happiest moments. There is in both of the handsome countenances of this royal pair a look of anxious care, a touch of sadness, conveying very plain hints of the share both of them take in the sorrows and fears by which the country is distracted, and making irresistible appeal to the sympathies of all beholders."

After the capture of Alsen by the Germans, King Christian became convinced that further resistance was hopeless, and having effected a change of his Ministers, they at once, and in view of inevitable sacrifice, proposed a suspension of arms. Then followed the Vienna Conference, with the view of finding some basis for the establishment of peace. Germany, directed by Bismarck, insisted not only on the surrender of Holstein and Lauenburg, but also of Schleswig. That Holstein and Lauenburg, being German, and peopled by Germans, in origin and language, must be given up, was foreseen by Denmark; but Schleswig was Danish, and to Schleswig Denmark clung. It is true the German-speaking population had crossed the Eyder from Holstein, and that in the southern portion of the duchy a population of a mixed character prevailed, still of its 300,000 inhabitants two-thirds were purely Danish and enthusiastic in their loyalty to the Danish King. To consent, therefore, to give up to alien rule this attached and loyal people was the bitter cup which King Christian had to drink. After the separation of Danish Schleswig from Denmark had been decreed, a deputation from the inhabitants came to Copenhagen to present a farewell address to the King. His reply was couched in the touching terms of sincere sorrow. The King said:—"You have told me how bitterly you grieve to be separated from Denmark and the Danish royal house, and I pray you to believe that it has also been most painful to me to be placed under the necessity of relinquishing the ancient Danish crown land of Schleswig, united for centuries to Denmark. Of all the cares and sorrows which have been heaped upon me during my brief rule, nothing has more depressed my mind, nothing weighed more deeply upon my heart, than my separation from the brave, faithful, and loyal Schleswigers, who have upon so many difficult occasions constantly given the most brilliant proofs of fidelity and devotion to Denmark and the Danish royal house; who have cherished no dearer or more zealous wish than to remain united with the kingdom under my sceptre. But, my friends, we must all bow to the will of Providence, and I will pray to the Almighty that he may give both to you and to me the requisite strength and endurance to bear the bitter pangs of separation. My best wishes for your future welfare will always be with you. May God bless and preserve you all!"

Such reverses and sacrifices could not, however, befall without a large amount of national irritation. Blame, however, unjustly fell upon King Christian, with a consequent loss of popularity. The Danes were inclined to attribute to their King their national misfortunes. In the midst of this state of feeling the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Copenhagen the first time after their marriage, and they were but

coldly received; and yet no patriotic Dane among them had more poignantly felt the calamities of her country than the Princess of Wales. The Princess Dagmar, whose marriage to the Cesarewitch did not take place till November, 1866, shared immediately with her royal parents in all the anxieties and trials of the time, and by her gracious and condescending kindness helped to soothe the wounded susceptibilities of the Copenhagen populace.

"Even in the midst of the keenly-felt distress and humiliation," says a writer, "occasioned by the loss of Schleswig and Holstein—when with the natural instinct of men tried by adversity the Danes were disposed to lay upon their King the blame of his ill-fortune, the sight of the tall, graceful, and elegant figure and fair countenance of the Princess Dagmar, as she walked on the lawn at Bernstorff, or under the great beech-trees of the Deer Park, or waited on the platform of the railway-station at Fredericksborg in the midst of the Copenhagen pleasure-seekers, the ease and affability with which she bestowed smiles and words, and her gracious sympathy with the respectful yet delighted multitude, had no little influence in disarming unjust prepossessions and winning back wavering loyalty."

It is well known that Prussia and Austria quarrelled over the booty unjustly wrenched from Denmark. Then ensued the Austro-Prussian War, in which Prussia, aided by her needle-gun, came off victorious. By the treaty of Prague, concluded on the 12th November, 1866, Prussia engaged to Austria to restore North Schleswig to Denmark—"so far as the population by free voting may prove themselves in favour of such a step." Until this day Prussia has not complied with this engagement, and has refused to relinquish her hold of the Danish province. King Christian, however, as appears from one of his speeches on opening the Rigsdag, looks forward to the day when the political situation will allow of the return of the Danish Schleswigers to their own Denmark.

In July, 1874, the King, accompanied by his son, Prince Waldemar, paid a visit to Iceland, to which a Constitution had just been accorded on the thousandth anniversary of its connection with Denmark. Although Frederick VII, when Crown Prince, had visited Iceland, Christian IX was the first Danish monarch who had set foot on its shores. His reception was of the most cordial character. It was at the time said—and with truth—that Iceland never received a more welcome visitor; his dignified bearing, his ready affability, his wonderfully winning manners and unassuming simplicity, were qualities which won for him the heart of the whole people. The Faroe Islands, another of the Danish possessions, were also visited by his Majesty during the same trip.

Since the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, there has been frequent intercourse between the royal families of Denmark and England. In 1863, shortly after the marriage, the Prince and Princess Christian and the Princess Dagmar visited England, and spent a short time at Sandringham. In 1864 the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Copenhagen, and in 1867 their Danish Majesties returned the visit to Marlborough House. Again, in 1868, when the Prince and Princess of Wales set forth on their Eastern tour, they took Denmark by the way. The Princess of Wales had the pleasure of spending her birthday, the 1st of December of that

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year, with her royal parents in Denmark. In the morning of the day, in the Palace of Fredericksborg, the Princess received the felicitations of her friends, and in the evening, at a large dinner-party, the King proposed the health of his eldest daughter, and said that it was six years since he had the pleasure of having her with him on her birthday, and that when he looked back on the anxious time of her severe illness in the previous year, he could not be sufficiently thankful to Almighty God for being able to have her now sitting by his side almost completely recovered.

In the following year occurred an event fraught with interest to the royal pair—the marriage of their son, the manly and accomplished Crown Prince of Denmark, to Louisa, Princess Royal of Sweden, daughter of the late King Charles xv. This was another happy union, and one which tended to bind more closely the friendly ties which had long existed between the royal houses of Sweden and Denmark. Charles xv of Sweden was the bosom friend of the late King Frederick vii of Denmark, and both monarchs were enthusiastic upholders of the idea of Scandinavian unity.

King Christian has a civil list of £55,555; the heir-apparent to the Crown has in addition an allowance of £6,666, settled by law of March 20th, 1868. The present Constitution of Denmark is embodied in the charter of 5th June, 1849, granted by Frederick vii. The 5th of June (Constitution day) is observed each year by popular rejoicings throughout the entire kingdom. The Constitution was modified in some respects in 1855, and also a Constitution for the whole monarchy was framed and passed in 1863, during the lifetime of the late King, but it had not been confirmed by him at the time of his death. Almost immediately on his accession, King Christian gave his royal sanction to the new law. The alacrity of the act gave great satisfaction, and rendered his Majesty very popular for the time being at Copenhagen. After the close of the war, a still newer Constitutional law was passed, which obtained the royal sanction on the 28th of July, 1866: according to which, the executive power is vested in the King and his responsible Ministers. The right of making and amending laws is in the National Assembly, or Rigsdag, acting in conjunction with the sovereign. The Rigsdag meets annually for two months, and consists of the Landsting and the Folkething, the former being the Senate, or Upper House, and the latter the House of Commons. The Landsting consists of 106 members; of these, twelve are nominated by the Crown for life, the rest are elected indirectly by the people for a term of eight years. The 101 members of the Folkething are returned for a term of three years, in direct election, by universal suffrage. All men of good repute beyond the age of thirty are eligible for election as members both of the Upper and Lower House.

The King, according to the Constitution, must be a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which is declared to be the religion of the State.

The personal virtues, upright intentions, and popular public acts of the King and Queen of Denmark have surmounted every prejudice, and won for them the respect and affection of their subjects. Since the loss of the duchies his Majesty has sought to develop the internal resources and institutions of his country. The army and navy have been thoroughly reorganised; several railways have been constructed, and agriculture and commerce steadily promoted.

Denmark, though a small country, maintains an honourable place among European nations. Its population is alike brave, honest, and high-hearted, and in its interests, feelings, affections, and popular institutions, it has much in common with England. Denmark has the goodwill of England; every one must wish for the ancient and renowned kingdom a continuance of moral and material progress under the wise and mild sway of its present monarch.

J. H.

THE OLD LOTTERIES.

WE sometimes hear the question asked, Whether the gambling spirit is more or is it less prevalent among our population of the present day than it was among their predecessors? There would seem, if the history of the human family has been correctly recorded, never to have been a time when gaming in some form or other was not a favourite source of excitement; and never to have been a people, who have a history at all, who did not indulge in it. It is said to be carried to the greatest extreme among the oriental nations, some of whom make no scruple of staking everything they possess upon the cast of the die—who will venture the loss of their wives and children, and even their own personal liberty, rather than sit down content under losses they may have incurred. Englishmen have never been quite so insane as that, but thousands of Englishmen have been utterly ruined through yielding to the fascinating excitements of gaming; and, spite of all the warnings of the moralist and the miserable example of innumerable victims, we continue to be a gambling people. Witness our racing establishments, our betting-houses, running matches, and the various modes and methods by which one covetous man's money is transferred to another covetous man's pocket. For it is covetousness that is at the root of all gambling, as of every other species of theft, seeing that what the gambler seeks is to become possessed of money without the trouble of earning it.

Down to the first years of the fourth George, or thereabouts, the views entertained of gambling by the generality of Englishmen were materially different from those entertained at present. The vice was hardly recognised as a vice, but was rather declaimed against as an imprudence. Gaming-houses were common, not only in London, but in all the fashionable towns of the provinces; gambling was carried on in private houses to an extent now quite unknown; gambling clubs and subscription rooms, where deep play was the rule rather than the exception, abounded; and the habit was so general that it was indulged in by nearly all classes at their social parties and assemblies. As if to give the opportunity of cultivating gaming to the entire community, the Government of the day virtually patronised it in the form of the State lotteries, which for nearly a couple of centuries were made to yield a considerable revenue to the Crown. The Government sanction, of course, had a moral effect; the common people could hardly look upon that as a vicious and destructive practice to which their legislators directly encouraged them, and in which they were daily invited to participate whenever they stirred abroad or took up a newspaper; for the

lottery contractors were notoriously the most active and indefatigable promoters of their own interest the world had ever seen. Never was a mission carried out with such perseverance and pertinacity as that which called upon all classes and conditions of men to get rich at the expense of their fellows. The flaming placards and amusing jocular designs of the Lottery Office blazed upon every wall and struck the eye from every point of vantage throughout the kingdom. A deluge of handbills, fly-leaves, and circulars inundated the land with the starting of every new scheme, and the public interest in the "wheel of fortune" was kept at the enthusiastic pitch, whatever else was allowed to lapse into forgetfulness or neglect. Even during that terrible revolutionary war that culminated in Waterloo, the State lotteries filled the popular mind, and if they sank in interest for a time at the news of some great battle or triumph, they recovered their lost ground when the stirring excitement had passed away.

The lotteries of fifty years to sixty years ago consisted of all sorts of schemes. There were lotteries for the disposal of art collections (in one of these all Boydell's collection was got rid of), for the disposal of diamonds, jewellery, land, houses, life assurances, annuities, etc., etc. Most of the schemes, however, set forth lists of money prizes, in sums varying from twenty or forty pounds to twenty or forty thousand. That the poor might not be debarred from their share of the impending blessings, the lottery tickets were divided into fractional parts. Thus, a man who could not afford twenty pounds (for that or more was the price) for a whole ticket, could buy a half ticket, or a quarter ticket, or an eighth, or a sixteenth—the prices of which last, unless our memory fails us, varying from a guinea to thirty-one and six-pence. Of these sixteenths, thousands were sold in shares at public-houses, the shares being raffled by landlords among their customers, who clubbed their shillings together to make up a "little go," in which all risked and shared alike; so that a man might possess the tenth part or the twentieth part of a sixteenth, and he might do that, as many did, five or six times over to give himself a better chance of winning—the chance being, after all, as the reader may easily imagine, extremely small. The list of prizes was always printed at full length in enormously corpulent figures on the placards and handbills, and one might see on a dead wall or hoarding, at a full furlong's distance, or more, such pyramids of figures as the following—the notes of admiration a foot long at least, and flaring up in bright scarlet:—

£	500!
	2,000!!
	10,000!!!
	20,000!!!!
	40,000!!!!

the whole emblazoned on a standard reared aloft by a bluecoat boy—who was always represented as the meekest of infants—the prizes being invariably drawn from the wheel by a boy from the bluecoat school. Of course nothing was ever said about the number of blanks, which, looking to the above large sums, must have amounted to hundreds of thousands to make the scheme remunerative. Still, every now and then a scheme would come out in which there were "all prizes and no blanks!"—the place of the blanks being supplied by merely nominal prizes, varying in amount from a half to a sixteenth of the price of the

ticket; such schemes, however, could not exhibit such monster prizes as are given above.

Among the millions of adventurers who invested in the lotteries every year, it was inevitable that a certain number should be winners, and not a few persons did really win large amounts, and stepped at once from comparative poverty to actual wealth, and to a respectable social position. Sometimes it would happen that the lottery would go off, leaving some of the grand prizes still in the wheel—a state of matters at which the people kicked a good deal, and were hardly satisfied with the explanation, which ran to the effect that as all the tickets had not been sold, it could not be expected that all the prizes should be drawn.

When a prize was gained by a dweller in a country town or village in a farming district, even though it were but a sixteenth, and it would seldom be more, the event was generally made the occasion of a grand demonstration, and that for reasons sufficiently obvious. First came the news to the lucky individual in an official letter, a document of most impressive appearance, red-taped, and sealed with the broad, mysteriously embossed lottery-office seal. Then, unless the winner chose to coach it up to London and claim the cash in person, which in those no-railway days he was seldom inclined to do (and the winner might be six or a dozen persons instead of one), the prize would be sent down by the mail or stage-coach in charge of an agent, who came with blasts of trumpets, with flags flying, and making as much clamour and display as possible, preparatory to delivering over the cash, which he would hand over at last, with due solemnity, all in solid gold, in the presence of as many witnesses as could be gathered together. Such payments, as a rule, would take place in a public-house, and the thousand or twelve hundred sovereigns or guineas would cut a grand figure glittering on a salver, or wanting a salver, on a tea-tray, among twigs of laurel or evergreens. That such a scene should wind up with a general saturnalia, at which the guests all got tipsy at the expense of the fortunate individual, is no more than one might expect. If there should be a free fight and a scramble among the several claimants—well, whether you would expect that or no, it is a fact that it sometimes took place. The result to a poor man, say a small farmer or village artisan, of winning a lottery prize was far oftener calamitous than it was beneficial. He rarely had the prudence to deal with his newly-acquired riches as he should have done; and let him be as prudent as he would, unless he took to flight and carried his cash to some other quarter, he was sure to be haunted and pestered and sponged upon by his relatives and intimates until the winnings were all wasted away in treating and drinking, by which time he had generally acquired lazy and intemperate habits, and was most likely ruined for life.

The same demoralising influence has been notorious in Continental countries, and nowhere more than in the States of the Church, where the Holy Father, heedless of the moral or social welfare of his subjects, largely replenished his coffers by lotteries.

It is not to be supposed that results such as these were not recognised and duly appreciated. Widespread and general as was the gambling spirit, and though it had infected the clergy and even dignitaries of the church as well as the laity, there was yet always a class in opposition to it, a band of sternly

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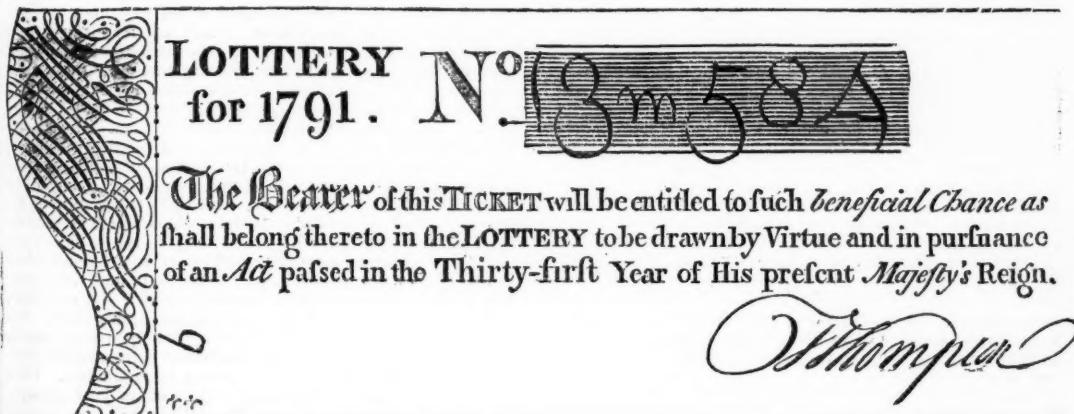
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faithful crusaders against the State lotteries, who saw in them a machinery for national demoralisation, and refused to look at them in any other light. They were long in the minority, but they wrote and talked and preached against the evil with indefatigable perseverance, and it was doubtless owing in great part to their influence, together with the growth of a better moral feeling, that the lotteries fell into disfavour, and were finally abolished by Act of Parliament in 1826.

It was about the year 1819 that the writer, then a growing lad, purchased his first and only lottery ticket. How it was that I became inoculated with the sudden desire of becoming, as I fancied, enormously rich all at once, I cannot at this distance of time recall. I was bitten, it may be presumed, by the universal mania, or may have been lured by the example of some friend or companion. At any rate, I laid out most of my savings in a sixteenth, which I bought of one of Bish's agents in Bath, where I then resided. No sooner did I possess the ticket than I began to nourish a secret conviction that it would turn up a prize—perhaps the grand prize of £20,000. So strong did this conviction become in a day or two that, at the cost of much inconvenience and some privation, I visited the agent a second time, and was fortunate enough to secure another sixteenth of the same number, though the payment for it left me with empty pockets. Two months had to elapse before the lottery would be drawn, and during all that time I underwent various changes of mood, and was so engrossed with the subject that it was rarely out of my thoughts; sanguine one day, and mistrustful the next, and never at rest, I had small enjoyment of the interval, which seemed as though it would never come to an end. On the morning of the eventful day I rose early, after a night of little sleep and troubled dreams, and sallied forth for a stroll. Along the Gravel Walk, the Crescent Fields, and across the High Common, I made my way as far as Weston, doing my best not to think of my lottery ticket, and what it would bring me. Then I returned and retraced my steps homeward. As I was returning down the Gravel Walk I caught sight of old Tucker, the bill-sticker, in the act of affixing a placard to

the dead wall which fronted the entrance to the walk. I was hardly near enough to read the bill as he spread it on the wall, and I stood still to take a more steady view. What were my feelings when I plainly distinguished the words and figures, "Number 5595 (the very number of which I held two-sixteenths) a prize of £20,000," the reader must imagine, for I cannot describe them. For a moment or two, it may have been minutes, I could not stir a step, and had the feeling that I must sink into the ground. "Eights in twenty, two and four over; eights in forty, five—two thousand five hundred pounds"—that delightful calculation was running in my head, and had repeated itself a score of times before I had recovered nerve enough to run forward and read the whole placard, which old Tucker had by this time done with. Alas! for my grand expectations! The bill, on further perusal, merely stated that Messrs. Bish had sold in the last lottery the number 5595, which had come up a prize of £20,000, and that they had still a quantity of lucky numbers to dispose of in the present lottery, the drawing of which, the public were respectfully informed, was to be deferred until that day month. Poor me! I felt like poor Humpty-dumpty knocked off his wall, and knew that all the king's horses and all the king's men could never set me up again; for of course I knew that by nothing short of a miracle could the same number out of hundreds of thousands come up a grand prize twice following. That day, I well recollect, was a very grey day to me, but I recovered my spirits ere long, and, by way of making the best of the affair, I put my two sixteenths up to a raffle among my shopmates and fellow-apprentices, and succeeded in disposing of them without loss. As a matter of prudence I said nothing about the extraordinary coincidence of the numbers, nor was it noticed by any of the members of the raffle. The probabilities were not considered. So it happened that I lost nothing, for which I was thankful, and I have since been no less thankful that I won nothing; for I am morally certain that if that £2,500 had come into my possession in my teens it would have proved a curse, situated as I then was, and not a blessing.



Varieties.

TIMELY HELP.—When I was a young man, a student at Cambridge, and rather poor than not, I received a small exhibition from one of the London Companies. It came to me through the hands of persons whom I did not know, but it was forwarded to me in some way at Trinity College. It was the first money I ever possessed of my own, but that money gave me independence at that time. How much it may have contributed to what some persons may consider my success in life, I cannot say; but that it did contribute much I have no doubt.—*Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal, on receiving the freedom of the City of London.*

LIFE-VALUE INCREASE.—In England, from 1790 to 1810, Heberdon calculated that the general mortality diminished one-fourth. In France, during the same period, the same favourable returns were made. The deaths in France Berard calculated were 1 in 30 in the year 1780, and during the eight years from 1819 to 1828, 1 in 40, or a fourth less. In 1780, out of 100 newborn infants in France, 50 died. In the two first years in the latter period, extending from the time of the census that was taken in 1817 to 1827, only 38 of the same age died—an augmentation of infantile life equal to 25 per cent. In 1780 as many as 55 per cent. died before reaching the age of 10 years; in the latter period 43, or about a fifth less. In 1780 only 21 persons per cent. attained the age of 50 years; in the latter period 32, or 11 more reached that term. In 1780, but 15 persons per cent. arrived at 60 years; in the later period 24 arrived at that age.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—On the return of Captain Young, of the Pandora, many letters were published from officers of the Alert and Discovery. A short letter from Captain Nares, at the Carey Islands, is worth all the rest in giving confidence and hope. A man most quiet and undemonstrative, yet of great firmness and determination, it is cheering to hear the sanguine strain of this letter:—"We have had the most extraordinary success. The season has proved to be the best that ever was, and, by a happy calm for two days, I have turned it to such account that we have made the quickest passage, thus far, that ever was made so early in the season as this. The Americans did it in August, but here we are in July, with a clear month before us, and no ice whatever in sight; and I am sure that there is very little ahead of us. Of course, all is wild delight at our prospects. The old whaling men thought I was mad to choose a new route, but it was (as I reasoned it would be) successful. . . . We are sure to get as near to the Pole as the land goes, and then it will be our own fault if we do not complete the work. I shall leave another letter to-morrow at our next dépôt."

CURIOSITIES OF THE POST-OFFICE.—The Postmaster-General's Annual Report shows that in 1874 there were 804 millions of letters posted in England and Wales, and 967 millions in the United Kingdom, being an increase on the number in 1873 of 6½ and 6¾ per cent. respectively. The increase was, however, greater in Scotland—7½ per cent., and greater still in Ireland—8½ per cent. The oversights and mistakes of the year were as striking as usual. A registered letter from Switzerland was found open in the Chief Office, London. The contents, which had become exposed owing to the flimsiness of the envelope, consisted of cheques for upwards of £200, and of bank notes to the value of more than £500. On another occasion a registered letter containing Turkish bonds, with coupons payable to bearer, worth more than £4,000, intended for a firm in the City of London, was misdirected to a street in the West-end, where it was delivered. On inquiry being made for the packet, it was found that the bonds had been mistaken for "foreign lottery tickets" of no value, and had been put aside for the children of the family to play with. These were cases of inadvertence or carelessness, which is more than can be said of the case next to be mentioned. In the Chief Office in London two gold watches were found, each enclosed in an unregistered book-pocket addressed to New Zealand, the leaves of the books having been cut so as to admit of the watches being enclosed. The two packets were sent to the Returned Letter Office, whence information was forwarded to the addresses, there being nothing to show who were the senders. The work of the Returned Letter Office is still very heavy, as many as 4,400,000—being one in every 220 of the total number of letters—having been sent

there, of which about three-fourths were either reissued or returned to their writers. Upwards of 20,000 letters were posted without any address, one of them containing £2,000 in bank notes. The regulations of the office as to the classes of articles which may be posted are very liberal, there are nevertheless those who think them too narrow. Thus, during the year there were committed to the Post-office, contrary to the rules, a horned frog, a stag beetle, white mice, and snails—all alive. These unfortunate creatures were sent to the Returned Letter Office, together with an owl, a kingfisher, a rat, carving knives and forks, gun cotton and cartridges, which somebody had considered proper articles of conveyance by post.

PHOTOGRAPHY DOWN WEST.—An American paper states that a Nevada photographer takes very decided measures for turning out a good picture. A sitter being in his place, the artist produced a navy revolver, cocked it, levelled it at the sitter's head, and said, "Now just you sit perfectly still, and don't move a hair; put on a calm, pleasant expression of countenance, and look right into the muzzle of this revolver, or I'll blow the top of your head off. My reputation as an artist is at stake, and I don't want no nonsense about this picture."

RUSSIA IN THE EAST.—General Kauffman, the commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in Asia, thus has stated his opinion as to the destiny of Russia in the east:—"What has occurred with Khokand will certainly occur sooner or later with Bokhara and the other Mussulman States, which will not understand that they should accept the position and allow with a good grace the introduction of civilisation among them. It is a question of life or death, and not one of conquests, as it is represented in Europe. Either Russia must withdraw from Central Asia, where she has done so much, or those small Mussulman States, which offer constant opposition to commerce and civilisation, must do so. It is the old struggle between barbarism and civilisation. The issue is certain. Civilisation will triumph, and when the two great European Powers which divide between them these immense territories shall have a common frontier, then there will be an end of conquests, there will no longer be any occasion for wars, and interests will be mutual, because they will be based upon commerce and industry."

STUDY OF VARIOUS KINDS RECOMMENDED.—The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the universe is our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have rather arbitrarily selected only two spheres or groups (as I may call them) as essential parts of our national education, the laws which regulate quantities and proportions, which form the subject of mathematics; and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts through the medium of language—that is to say, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are most important branches of knowledge. Their study trains and elevates the mind; but they are not the only ones. There are others which we cannot disregard—which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, laws governing the human mind and its relation to the Divine Spirit (the subject of logic and metaphysics); there are those which govern our bodily nature and its connection with the soul (the subject of physiology and psychology); those which govern human society and the relations between man and man (the subject of politics and jurisprudence and political economy); and many others. While of the laws just mentioned, some have been recognised as essentials of education, and some will by course of time more fully assert their right to recognition, the laws regulating matter form all those which will constitute the chief object of your pursuits, and as the principle of subdivision of labour is the one most congenial to our age, I would advise you to keep to this specially, and to follow in undivided attention chiefly the sciences of mechanics, physics, and chemistry, and the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. You will thus have conferred an inestimable boon upon your country, and in a short time have the satisfaction of witnessing the beneficial results upon our national power of production. Other parts of the country will, I doubt not, emulate your example, and I live in hope that all these institutions will some day find a central point of union, and thus complete the national organisation.—*The late Prince Consort at the Birmingham and Midland Institute in 1851.*

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